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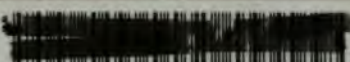
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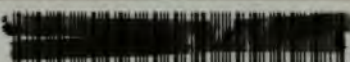
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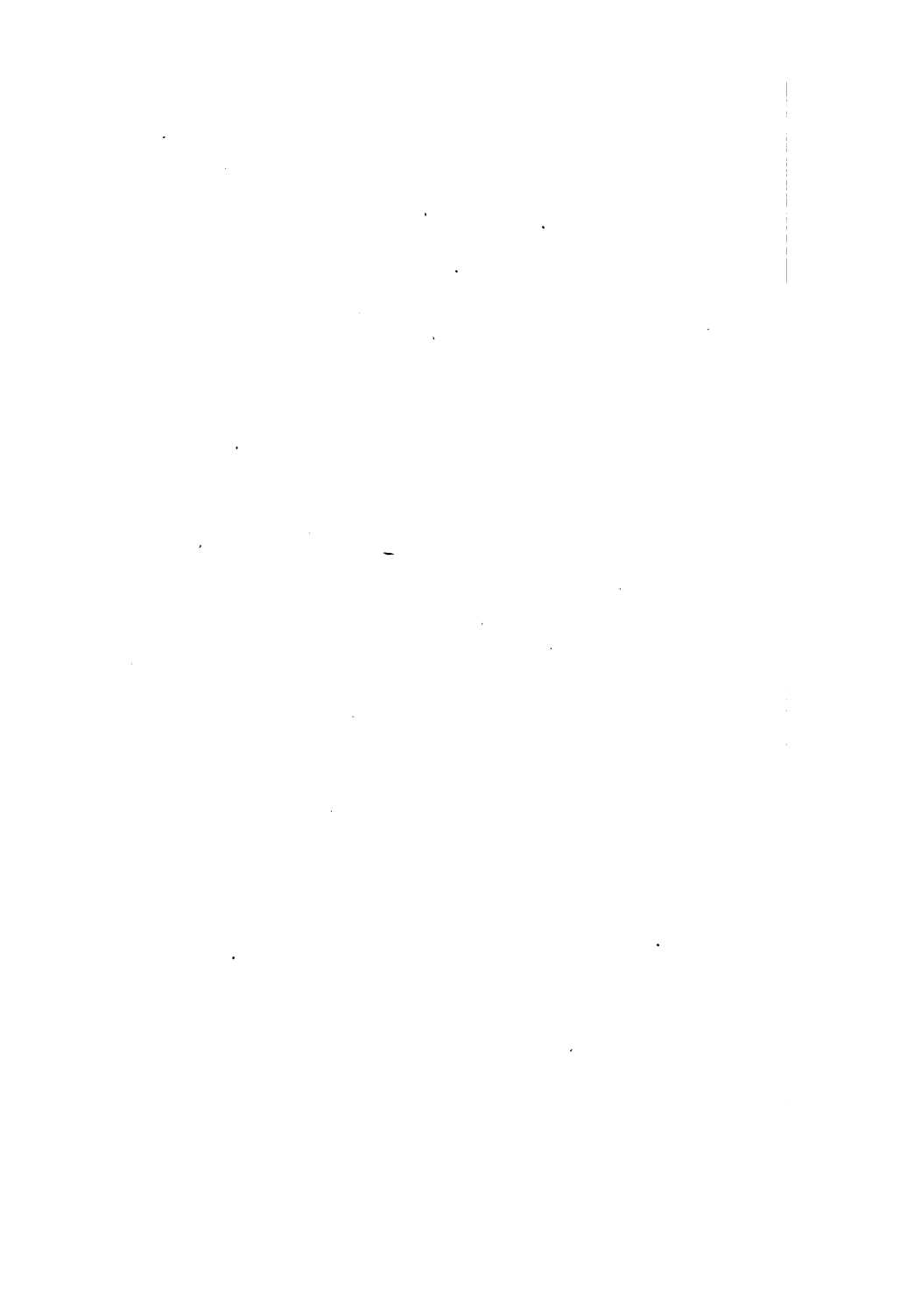
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Dr H. T. Price

with best wishes for a
happy Xmas and bright new year.

from H. E. P.

FANCY'S GUERDON



Coleridge, Mary Elizabeth

**FANCY'S
GUERDON**

BY ANODOS

**LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET
1897**

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NOTE

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by kind permission of Mr. DANIEL, from "Fancy's
Following."

FANCY'S GUERDON

“To thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

TRUE to myself am I, and false to all.
Fear, sorrow, love, constrain us till we die.
But when the lips betray the spirit's cry,
The will, that should be sovereign, is a thrall.
Therefore let terror slay me, ere I call
For aid of men. Let grief begrudge a sigh.
“Are you afraid?”—“unhappy?” “No!” The
lie
About the shrinking truth stands like a wall.
“And have you loved?” “No, never!” All the
while,
The heart within my flesh is turned to stone.
Yea, none the less that I account it vile,
The heart within my heart makes speechless
moan,
And when they see one face, one face alone,
The stern eyes of the soul are moved to smile.

TWO WALKING TOGETHER

ALL around was dumb and still,
Dumb and still as any stone.
We went together over the hill,
But I came back alone.

All around was gray and dun,
Gray and dun by sea and shore.
When twilight fell, my love saw one,
Where she saw two before.

All around was barren ground,
Barren ground lay far and near.
I left him with a gaping wound,
And what had I to fear ?

When she asks me what befell,
What befel on Lady Day,
I, her lord, that love her well,
Whisper in her ear and say :—

“All around was dumb and still,
Dumb and still as any stone.
We went together over the hill,
But I came back alone.”

FANCY'S GUERDON

9

A MOMENT

THE clouds had made a crimson crown
Above the mountains high.
The stormy sun was going down
In a stormy sky.

Why did you let your eyes so rest on me,
And hold your breath between?
In all the ages this can never be
As if it had not been.

MASTER AND GUEST

THERE came a man across the moor,
Fell and foul of face was he.
He left the path by the cross-roads three,
And stood in the shadow of the door.

I asked him in to bed and board.
I never hated any man so.
He said he could not say me No.
He sat in the seat of my own dear lord.

“Now sit you by my side!” he said,
“Else may I neither eat nor drink.
You would not have me starve, I think.”
He ate the offerings of the dead.

“I’ll light you to your bed,” quoth I.
“My bed is yours—but light the way!”
I might not turn aside nor stay;
I shewed him where we twain did lie.

FANCY'S GUERDON

11

The cock was trumpeting the morn.
He said: "Sweet love, a long farewell!
You have kissed a citizen of Hell,
And a soul was doomed when you were born.

Mourn, mourn no longer for your dear!
Him may you never meet above.
The gifts that Love hath given to Love,
Love gives away again to Fear."

IN THE BRERA

FULL many a painter in the early days
Dreamt that he saw the Lord, and dreaming
smiled.

Yet saw he nothing save a little child,
The baby angels round him singing praise ;
Nothing he saw except the heavenward gaze,
The pure compassion of the undefiled :
Or else a man of sorrows, patient, mild,
His thoughts our thoughts, his ways our human
ways.

Thou only, Leonardo, didst behold
That which their eyes, desiring, sought in vain ;
And if—since thou wert cast in mortal mould—
Not all thy hand might do was free from stain,
All that was not immortal, making old,
Time painted out, and left the vision plain.

OUR LADY

MOTHER of God ! no lady thou.
Common woman of common earth !
Our Lady ladies call thee now.
But Christ was never of gentle birth ;
A common man of the common earth.

For God's ways are not as our ways.
The noblest lady in all the land
Would have given up half her days,
Would have cut off her right hand,
To bear the Child that was God of the land.

Never a lady did he choose,
Only a maid of low degree,
So humble she might not refuse
The carpenter of Galilee.
A daughter of the people, she.

Out she sang the song of her heart.
Never a lady so had sung.
She knew no letters, had no art ;
To all mankind, in woman's tongue,
Hath Israelitish Mary sung.

And still for men to come she sings,
Nor shall her singing pass away.

"He hath filled the hungry with good things"—

O listen, lords and ladies gay!—

"And the rich He hath sent empty away."

FOR A PICTURE BY BURNE JONES, CALLED
"THE MERCIFUL KNIGHT"

*The Knight is kneeling before a large Crucifix.
His enemy, riding away, looks back at him.*

"MERCIFUL Christ, from Thee it was not hid,
Merciful Christ, Who saw'st what this man did;
This man in Thine own image—Christ forbid!

"In Thine own image? Nay! this image here
Hath more of Thee. . . . I never yet knew
fear;
I tremble lest that soul to Thee be dear!

"Yet, an Thou lov'st all souls, Thou lovest this.
Thy life Thou gav'st that it might live in bliss,
Although it should betray Thee with a kiss.

"How oft shall I forgive? Seventy times seven?
I had rather have lost my life here than forgiven.
I had rather have lost my life there, in Thy
Heaven.

“My heart is stone and doubts. Hast Thou a
heart?
See, I forgive!—With Thee I have no part.
A painted corpse—a thing of wood Thou art!”

Thereat he saw no more a thing of wood.
Thereat Christ came into the Holy Rood.
Thereat he knelt and knew that Christ made
good.

The foe, whose hatred love could never tire,
Looked on a sudden back, with fierce desire,
And felt forgiveness burn like coals of fire.

DEAD OF NIGHT

THERE was not a moon, but half a moon,
And the stars were faint and few.
There were clouds full soon at the night's high
noon,
And a rollicking wind that blew.

There were three that bled, there was one that
led,
Where they fought with four and three.
The silvery swords were crimson red,
And the grass was a sight to see.

They laughed as they fell, and they died right
well,
And they called to their foes for more.
"We will go to Hell, but the tale we'll tell
Of the seven that fought with four!"

THE DEVIL'S FUNERAL

THE Devil is dead, good people all !
Who are the bearers that bear the pall ?

One of them thinks he has slain God too,
With the self-same sword that Satan slew.

One of them thinks he has saved God's life,
The Devil was ever the God of strife.

A purple pall above him spread !
A king it is that is lying dead.

The worst of kings never ruled so well
As this magnificent King of Hell.

What is the guerdon of all his pains ?
He is dead himself but Hell remains.

He forged his coffin before he died.
'Twas made of gold that was seven times tried :

The glittering golden words of those,
Who counted themselves his chiefest foes,

Where will you bury him? Not on earth!
In poison flowers he would come to birth.

We will not cast him into the sea.
The winds and the waves would set him free.

Lay him out straight on the funeral pyre,
All his life he has lived in fire.

And lo! as the crackling flame burns bright,
Satan transformed to an angel of light,

That he may work more utter woe,
Than ever he worked when he dwelt below.

THE OTHER SIDE OF A MIRROR.

I SAT before my glass one day,
And conjured up a vision bare,
Unlike the aspects glad and gay,
That ert were found reflected there—
The vision of a woman, wild
With more than womanly despair.

Her hair stood back on either side
A face bereft of loveliness.
It had no envy now to hide
What once no man on earth could guess.
It formed the thorny aureole
Of hard, unsanctified distress.

Her lips were open—not a sound
Came through the parted lines of red,
Whate'er it was, the hideous wound
In silence and in secret bled.
No sigh relieved her speechless woe,
She had no voice to speak her dread.

And in her lurid eyes there shone
The dying flame of life's desire,
Made mad because its hope was gone,
And kindled at the leaping fire
Of jealousy and fierce revenge,
And strength that could not change nor tire.

Shade of a shadow in the glass,
O set the crystal surface free!
Pass—as the fairer visions pass—
Nor ever more return, to be
The ghost of a distracted hour,
That heard me whisper :—“ I am she ! ”

A HUGUENOT

O, a gallant set were they,
As they charged on us that day,
A thousand riding like one !
Their trumpets crying,
And their white plumes flying,
And their sabres flashing in the sun.

O, a sorry lot were we,
As we stood beside the sea,
Each man for himself as he stood !
We were scattered and lonely—
A little force only
Of the good men fighting for the good.

But I never loved more
On sea or on shore
The ringing of my own true blade.
Like lightning it quivered,
And the hard helms shivered,
As I sang : “ None maketh me afraid ! ”

A DAY-DREAM

THE murmur of the city sounded on
Below the plaintive murmur of a hymn
That Sabbath day ; the edge of life was gone,
A veil of smoke made all the houses dim.
My eyes forgot to see—and lo, they saw
A sight that filled my shaken soul with awe !

For I was in a land where all lay clear
Betwixt the sunshine and the shining sand.
And nothing far there was and nothing near—
You might have touched the mountains with your
hand—

And yet I looked upon them o'er a plain
Vast as the vastness of the untravelled main.

Tall rows of pillars—stems of flowering stone
Sprang up around me in their ordered growth.
Here sat a maid—and there an ancient crone—
The straight, bright shafts of light illumined both.
No shadow was there and no sound—the hum
Of brooding silence kept the temple dumb.

Three tombs of Kings, each with his corners three,
Shut out three spaces of the golden sky.
Clear, flat, and bright, they hid no mystery,
But painted mummies, of a scarlet dye,
That lay embalmed there many a long term,
Safe from unkindly damp and creeping worm.

Deep set beneath a sibyl's wrinkled brow,
The ancient woman's eyes were full of song.
They held the voice of Time ; and even now
I mind me how the burden rolled along,
For I forgot the music of the birds,
And music's self, and music knit to words.

Then did I turn me to the maiden's eyes,
And they were as the sea, brimming and deep.
Within them lay the secret of the skies,
The rhythmical tranquillity of sleep.
They were more quiet than a windless calm
Among the isles of spices and of balm.

Now music is an echo in mine ear,
And common stillness but the lack of noise,
For the true music I shall never hear,
Nor the true silence, mother of all joys.
They dwell apart on that enchanted ground
Where not a shadow falls and not a sound.

I ASK OF THEE

I ASK of thee, love, nothing but relief.
Thou canst not bring the old days back again;
For I was happy then,
Not knowing heavenly joy, not knowing grief.

SUN AND STORM

OPEN your gates, ye skies, and let the host
Of gathered waters fall, and drown the earth !
Your hour of utmost terror is the ghost
Of that when Grief had birth.

The all-resplendent Spring, the pomp of May,
Through white and golden flowers the virgin
light,
Are but a thin gray shadow of the day
When Joy was at her height.

L'OISEAU BLEU

THE lake lay blue below the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

JEALOUSY

“THE myrtle bush grew shady
Down by the ford.”—

“Is it even so?” said my lady.

“Even so!” said my lord.

“The leaves are set too close together
For the point of a sword.”

“The arras in your room hangs close,
No light between!
You wedded one of those
That see unseen.”—

“Is it even so?” said the King’s Majesty.

“Even so!” said the Queen.

SHADOW

CHILD of my love! Though thou be bright
as day,
Though all the sons of joy laugh and adore thee,
Thou canst not throw thy shadow self away.
Where thou dost come, the earth is darker for
thee.

When thou dost pass, a flower that saw the sun
Sees him no longer.
The hosts of darkness are, thou radiant one,
By thee made stronger.

